

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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The Oregon Argus.

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Interests of the Laboring Classes, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

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ADVERTISING RATES. One square (12 lines or less, brevity measure) one insertion, \$3.00 two insertions, 4.50 Each subsequent insertion, 1.00 Reasonable deductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARGUS IS HAPPY to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the speedy receipt of additions suited to all the requirements of this locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

The Fisher.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE, BY THEODORE MARTIN. The water rush'd and bubbled by, An angle near it lay, And watch'd his quill with tranquil eye Upon the current play, And as he sto'd in wondrous dream He saw the flood unclose, And from the middle of the stream A river maiden rose. She sang to him with winking wile, 'My brook why wilt thou share With human craft and human guile, To die in scorching air? Ah! didst thou know how happy we, Who dwell in waters clear, Thou wouldst come down at once to me, And rest forever here. 'The sun and lady-moon they love Their tresses in the main; And breathing freshness from the wave, Come doubly bright again. The deep blue sky, so moist and clear, Hath it for thee no lure? Does thine own face not woo thee down Unto our waters pure?' The water rush'd and bubbled by, It lap'd his naked feet; He thrill'd as though he felt the touch Of maiden kisses sweet. She spoke to him, she sang to him— Resistless was her strain— Half-drawn, he sank beneath the wave, And ne'er was seen again.

Hints on Packing Apples.

PORTLAND, Aug. 3, 1859. MR. EDITOR: Having received numerous letters of late from parties who propose shipping fruit the coming season, in reference to packing the same, &c., we beg leave through your paper to offer a few hints on the subject in answer to these inquiries, and for the benefit of others who think of shipping.

What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. This adage will apply with particular force in connection with the subject of which we propose treating. We are aware, however, that heretofore many persons have acted in utter contradiction of the same and have seemed to think it useless to take anything like pains in putting up their fruit for market, packing all kinds and qualities indiscriminately together in a lot of old and rusty boxes, of all shapes and sizes, and when in the course of two or three weeks, they receive account sales from their commission merchant in San Francisco and find by comparing the same with the returns of a more careful and painstaking shipper that their sales have ranged from 10 to 50 per cent. less per pound, they immediately think there is shenanigan somewhere, and lose no opportunity to give their commission merchant and the whole fraternity fits, generally; not dreaming that it is the sure and certain result of their own folly and neglect.

First in regard to boxes—Never send off apples in dry-goods boxes, or large ungainly cases made out of inch and a-half lumber, as is frequently done. Even should the fruit be of the best quality, we cannot convince buyers that such is the case, except each box is thoroughly inspected, and it is seldom they will take time to do this. Outside appearances go a long way, and from them it is easy to determine whether the shipper understands his business or not. Have the cases made of clear seasoned lumber, of uniform size, with one end planned for marking. The bottom, top, and sides should be from 1-2 to 5-8 and the ends one inch thick. A case 20 inches long, and 14 deep, answers a very good purpose, although there are other sizes equally good. Many are apt to fall into the error of holding their fruit too long and seem to think an apple is not fit to ship until it is "dead ripe" and in good eating condition. Never was a greater mistake, particularly as regard summer and fall fruit, for when it is shipped in this condition by the time it reaches San Francisco (after having passed through the usual routine of rough handling and seasickness) what is not absolutely rotten, is very likely worthless and in tolerable condition for the cider press. The fruit should by no means be allowed to get mellow before packing, neither should it be packed before it is ripe, or it will wither and shrivel up. In packing, sort out all the small, knobby, and gnarly apples, and pack each kind by itself.

If any one flatters himself that he can fill the bottom or center of the case with inferior fruit, and by placing a few first class apples on top, can palm them all off as such, he is most grandly mistaken. This game has been played out, and won't win.

Line the boxes with paper, and pack the fruit as tight as possible, so that it will not shake about in handling, and bruise. If there is a space left on top in packing, cover the fruit with a sheet of brown paper, and fill up with as much clean cut straw as can be crowded in under the lid. This is a very important matter, for the apples are handled so roughly on the steamers, that almost every apple in the case will get badly bruised when packed loosely so that they can shake about, and when once bruised, after having gone through the usual seasickness, they almost immediately decay.

We have spoken before of having one end planned, for marking thereon the weight, variety, and shipping mark. Those who are unaccustomed to shipping, almost invariably mark on the top. This renders it very inconvenient, and makes extra work for the shipping house and all who have to handle the fruit, both here and in San Francisco, as it is no small item to handle over several hundred cases to take an invoice of the weights and kinds separately; whereas, if marked on one end and piled up in tiers with the marks out, the whole can be seen at a glance, and the weights, &c., checked off without any trouble.

The gross weight, weight of box or tare, and nett weight, should be plainly marked upon the end of each case, in this manner: 72—20—52; underneath, variety or kind of fruit in the case, and below that the shipping mark. For the latter, the name or initials of the shipper put on with a neat stencil is sufficient, without adding the consignee's name or the name of the place to which they are shipped. Too great care cannot be used in the matter of weights, and all attempts at "gonging" are worse

than useless. Instances have been known where some not over-scrupulous individuals have marked their boxes from two to five lbs. less than the actual weight, which, had it not been discovered, would have been selling box lumber at pretty snug rates when apples were selling at from 20 to 30c. per lb. The proper way is to weigh the boxes correctly and allow at least one pound on the gross weight for shrinkage.—The shrinkage on a case of fruit, from the time it is packed until it reaches San Francisco, is never less than one or two lbs., and it is much better to make a suitable allowance on that account and have the weight come out right and give satisfaction, than to have a muss and be compelled to submit to a reclamation.

If a certain brand once acquires the reputation of being always in order and just what it is represented to be, it will always be eagerly sought after and command the highest figure in the market, but if there are any attempts made to cheat in weight, or by filling the bottom or center of the boxes with small seedling or sweet apples, or by marking seedling apples with the names of grafted fruit, every box will be subjected to the closest scrutiny, and it will be only with the greatest difficulty that sales can be made after all the desirable brands have been disposed of. If poor apples must be shipped, let them be packed separately, marked "seedling," or "cooking," shipped under a separate brand, and sold on their merits; for it is supremely folly to attempt to palm off a lot of worthless trash, now-a-days, for a merchantable article.

If the fruit is packed in the interior, a statement of the number of pounds and boxes of each kind, with the total footing up, should be forwarded with the fruit to the Portland branch or agent of the house selling the same, and, after ascertaining that it is correct, they will forward an invoice copy to the consignees in San Francisco.

HULL, KNAPP & Co., Per M. S. Burrill.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Aug. 14.

ED. ARGUS: Some of the 'toils, troubles, and tribulations' incident to traveling, by steamer and stage, on land and sea, through mud, dust, fire, and water, mosquitoes, bees, bed-bugs, and numerous other little condiments and animals 'that cheer the lonely way of the traveler,' I find myself well and fully alive in the city of San Jose, which in describing I would mark down as the handsomest collection of scenery, gardens, drives, farms, and everything pleasing to the eye of an admirer of nature and art that the lavish hand of either could bestow. It is indescribable, that is, it is above the expression and minutiae of description—so far indeed that I acknowledge it to be eminently 'abund' of anything that my fancy had ever conceived, but bearing some resemblance to the earthly Paradise I have sometimes had the pleasure to dream of.—Upon the evening of our arrival here, we called upon Maj. H., who owns the handsomest place in San Jose. The trees and plants are of all climates and of every imaginable variety.

To go back where I should have started,—we had a very pleasant trip down—a smooth sea, and no sea-sickness at all—making the trip in four days and a half from the Columbia bar, going around by Victoria, and arriving at San Francisco on the 10th at 10 o'clock p. m. Took a cab that 'takes yer up fur nuthin' (Philanthropic vehicle) and put up at the American Exchange, the home of wayfaring Oregonians and the house of immaculate landlord, extinguishing 'waitahs,' and sumptuous entertainment generally. Awoke next morning amid the regular old San Francisco 'buzz,' and learned that the Mail Line steamship was to start on the 20th, said line hoping that we would not fail to embrace the opportunity of depositing \$75 and securing passage Atlantic-ward. More anon.

STUDENT ELECT.

G. H. ABBOTT.—This gentleman, who is the acting Indian Agent for southern Oregon, has just returned from his journey north. He informs us that most likely he will remain at this place during the present fiscal year, and not proceed to Klamath Lake to establish an Agency. As Congress has failed to make the necessary appropriations there are no funds on hand at present to meet the expenses of establishing a post.—Jacksonville Sentinel.

THE INDIAN MURDERERS.—We are informed that it is the intention of Superintendent Geary to instruct Mr. Abbott, the Indian Agent, to make a formal demand of the Klamath Lake Indians for the murderers of the Ledford party, and if they refuse to deliver them up, to call in the aid of the military. This is as it should be.—Sentinel.

JEWISH OFFICERS IN THE FRENCH ARMY.—The Jewish Chronicle says: "The names and ranks of one hundred and forty Jewish officers, now serving in the French army in Italy, have been published. This is an extraordinary number, and yet the catalogue is incomplete, and a supplementary list is promised. As in France promotion depends entirely upon individual merit, we consider this number of officers as a most honorable testimony to Jewish bravery, skill and morality, especially when it is borne in mind that the whole Jewish population of France does not exceed one hundred thousand souls. These soldiers are found in all regiments, from the Guards to the baggage train."

THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

By far the best account of this great battle that has been written on the spot by Mr. H. J. Raymond, of the N. Y. Times, on the night of the conflict: FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD OF SOLFERINO. CANTIGLIONE, Italy, Friday night, June 24, 1859.

I came from Brescia early this morning, and arrived just in time to witness the last half of what I have very little doubt will turn out to have been the greatest battle of modern war has seen. You will get the official summary of its results by telegraph before this letter reaches you, and will be prepared, therefore, for this statement of its magnitude. I cannot describe it with any precision as yet, for it has lasted all day, and extended over a circuit of not less than fifteen miles. The noise of the cannonade, and even of the musketry, moreover, is still in my ears, and none of those engaged in it, except the wounded, have returned to give us any distinct and connected report. But not less than 450,000 men have been engaged in it; and of these not less than 20,000 are dead or disabled—lie, on this bright, starry night, upon the bloody field.

The battle commenced at a little before five o'clock in the morning, not far from sunrise. Just back of Castiglione rises a high range of hills, which projects a mile, or thereabouts, into the plain, and then breaks off towards the left into a wide expanse of smaller hills, and so into the rolling surface which makes that portion of the plain. The Austrians had taken position upon the hills—planting cannon upon those nearest to Castiglione which they could approach, as the French army was in full force and around that little village—and had stationed their immense array all over the surrounding plain. As nearly as we can now learn, the Emperor Francis Joseph had collected here not less than 225,000 troops, and commanded them in person. His evident purpose was to make a stand here, and risk the fortunes of the war upon the hazards of the day.

Napoleon promptly accepted the challenge, and commenced the attack, as soon as it was light the morning by placing cannon upon the hills still nearer to Castiglione than those held by the Austrians, and opening fire upon them on the heights beyond. He took his own stand upon the highest of these—a steep, sharp-backed ridge, which commands a magnificent view of the entire circuit of the plain, and from that point directed the entire movements of his army during the early portion of the day. The French very soon drove the enemy out of the positions they had assumed in the town, and followed them into the small villages of the plain below. The first of these was Solferino, where they had a sharp and protracted engagement. The Austrians disputed every inch of the ground, and fought here, as they did throughout the day, with the utmost desperation. They were three times driven out of the town, before they would stay out. The people of the village, moreover, took part against the French, upon whom they fired from their windows, and the French were compelled to retire, in order to burn the town. When they found it impossible to hold their ground any longer, they fell back, slowly and steadily, until they reached the village of Volta, which, as you will see by the map, lies directly southeast from Castiglione, and is only about a mile from the river Mincio, from which, however, it is separated by a range of hills. Upon these hills, in the rear of the town, and overlooking it completely on the south and southeast sides, the Austrians had planted very formidable batteries; and when I arrived upon the field and went at once to the height where the Emperor had stood at the opening of the engagement, but which he had left an hour before they blew away upon the French who were stationed on the plain below.

I was too far off to observe with any accuracy the successive steps of the action, but I could distinctly see the troops stationed upon the broad plain, and moving up in masses towards the front, where the fighting was going on. At one point they were required, however, to retire, at that point they were speedily enveloped in the smoke of the cannon, and disappeared from observation. But the general result was soon made evident by the slackening of the Austrian fire, and by the falling back of their smoke, and a corresponding advance on the part of that which rose from the French artillery. The cannonading at that point lasted for over an hour; but in precisely that direction the Austrians retreated it was not possible, from the position I occupied, to see. I was afraid to change it, moreover, because, although I might easily have gone more directly and closely upon the field, I could not have found any entrance upon the plain from which I could have had so sweeping and complete a view. Part of the Austrian force probably crossed the Mincio river, which flows southward from the lower end of Lake Garda, and emptied into the Po.

But the battle continued to rage all over the region northwest of a line connecting the towns of Castiglione, Solferino, and Volta. At one point after another sharp cannonading would arise, continue for half or three-quarters of an hour—and after each successive engagement of this kind the result became apparent in the retreat of the Austrians and the advance of the French forces. During all the early part of the day the sky had been clear and the weather hot. But clouds began to gather at about noon, and at five o'clock, while the cannonade was at its height, a tremendous thunderstorm rolled up from the northwest; the wind came first, sweeping from the parched streets an enormous cloud of dust, and was soon followed by a heavy fall of rain, accompanied by vivid lightning and rapid explosions of rattling thunder. The storm lasted for about an hour, and the cannonading, so far as we could distinguish, was suspended. Then the rain ceased, the clouds blew away, the sun shone out again, and the air was cooled and perfectly delightful.

Though the cannon may have ceased for a time to take part in it, the fight had meantime gone on, and when I again resumed my post of observation, from which the storm had expelled me, I saw the entire combat quite at the extreme left of the entire field and on the very borders of the lake, northeast from Castiglione and west of Peschiera. The Piedmontese troops, under the King, who commands them in person, had been posted there, and received the Austrians as they came around. From about seven o'clock until after night-fall an incessant and most terrible combat was kept up. The batteries of the two armies were apparently about half a mile apart; and at the outset they were both served with nearly equal and effective vigor. But the Austrians gradually slackened their fire and several times took up new positions—while the Piedmontese poured a rapid and unintermitted shower of balls upon them—suspending only for a few minutes at a time, and then renewing it again with redoubled fury.

The wind had now gone down, the air was still, and the sound of musketry, as well as of the cannon, was distinctly heard. The former was continuous, sharp, and incessant, sounding like the constant and irregular pattering of hail upon a roof, while the latter was occasionally suspended, but while it lasted was exceedingly noisy, grand and terrible. Over the Sardinian park rose a dense white cloud of smoke, directly upwards, its sides perfectly upright and well defined, and spreading outward both ways at the top like an enormous sheaf of wheat. The sun was making a glorious setting in the west, and as his light gradually departed, the vivid flashes of each discharge of the cannon gleamed through the smoke like sharp lightning through the break of an enormous cloud. Sometimes only a single flash would be seen, then two or three at once, and sometimes half a dozen would break forth in instant succession.

It was beginning to be dark when I turned to descend the hill, and all the way down I still heard the roar of the cannon and the clattering of the guns of the infantry. But the Austrians were quietly falling back, and could scarcely have failed to sustain a total rout. It is possible they may be in condition to make one more struggle in the morning, but judging from my own observations, it is certainly not probable. They have sustained an

overwhelming defeat, and it seems to me not unlikely that the Emperor may now be induced by the representations of the neutral Powers, to accept the peace which Napoleon will be very likely to tender him.

Just before night-fall a tremendous cannonading was distinctly visible in the direction of Mantua, and it was supposed by one or two French officers, that Prince Napoleon was assaulting that fortress as a part of the general plan of the day's operations, while the Emperor was engaging the enemy in the open field. But I see no reason to suppose that this is true, as Prince Napoleon could scarcely have reached Mantua by this time, as he was in Florence only a week ago.

I have thus given you a very general outline of this great battle as it came under my own observation. I have mentioned no names of subordinate officers, because I have had no opportunity to learn the specific part which individuals took in the engagement. All that I must leave for subsequent letters, or refer you to it to the official reports which here shall not see for three or four days after they are published in Paris.

I am afraid to venture upon any conjecture as to the number of killed and wounded in this battle; but from the nature of the case it must be enormous. I am confident that not less than ten thousand wounded have been brought into this village alone during the day—and say nothing of those that were left on the field or taken to other places. The first intimation we received of an engagement having taken place, was from meeting three or four carts, drawn by oxen, and filled with wounded—before we reached Montebellio, on the road from Brescia.

As we heard of no battle, we naturally supposed that these wounded had been received in some skirmish. Soon after, we met a one-horse cart, in which was laid at full length an officer of rank, whose face wore so ghastly a look as to make it evident he was dying. On reaching Montebellio, and stopping for a moment to rest our horses, we were told that a great battle was then going on in the plain below Castiglione; and going at once to the summit of some old fortifications which once defended the town, we could see with our glasses the smoke of the engagement. We lost no time in pushing forward, although we were told that we could not reach Castiglione because the road was completely occupied by artillery held in reserve. We went on, however, continuing to meet cartridges and carts laden with wounded, and passing the French camps of the previous night, came to a point, at about half a mile from the town, where a park of artillery wagons was defiling from their camp into the road.

Watching our chance, we drove in between two of the wagons, and so entered the town under cover of the enormous cloud of dust, which they raised. The main street was densely crowded with carts, carriages, horses, donkeys, oxen, soldiers, soldiers, and persons and animals of every description. We pushed our way, without hindrance, directly past the house marked as "Quartier General," or headquarters of the Emperor, and were thus within the camp. We had gone but a short distance when we came to where the great procession of the wounded was turning down a cross street to a church which had been taken for a hospital. It was certainly the most dreadful sight I ever saw. Every conceivable kind of wound which can be inflicted upon men was here exhibited.

All who were able to do so were obliged to walk—the wagons and animals at command being all required for those who could not otherwise be removed. Some walked along, their faces completely covered with blood from saber cuts upon their heads. Many had their arms shattered; hundreds had their hands tied up; and some carried most ghastly wounds upon their faces; some had tied up their wounds, and others had stripped away the clothing which chafed and made them worse. I saw one man walking along with a firm step and resolute air, naked to the waist, and having a bullet wound upon his side, an ugly gash along his cheek, and a deep bayonet-thrust received from behind, on his shoulder. Most of those who were walking wore a serious look—conversing but little with one another, though they walked two and two—and few of them carried upon their faces any considerable expression of pain.

Those who were more severely injured rode upon donkeys or in carts, and a few were carried upon mattresses on men's shoulders. But these were mostly officers; and nearly all I saw carried in that way were so badly wounded that their recovery is scarcely possible. One had both his legs crushed by a cannon ball. Another had received a ball in his thigh, and was evidently suffering the most intense agony. Most of those whose wounds were in their legs were seated in chairs swung across a donkey—one being upon each side. Several who were thus carried, and were supported by soldiers walking by their side, were apparently unconscious, and seemed to be dying. Then would come carts, large and small, carrying three, five, and some of them ten or fifteen each. A steady stream of these ghastly victims of the battle of the day poured through the town. I stood in the crowd by the side of them as the sad procession passed along, and watched it at this point for over an hour. It was not interrupted for a moment—except now and then by a crowd of prisoners—and it continued thus from about ten in the morning, when it began to flow, until I left the street, long after dark.

Every church, every large hall, every private house in the town, has been taken for the service of the wounded. Those whose injuries are slight, after having been dressed, pass at once into the ranks, and mingle at once with their comrades. I looked into the church as I passed by. All the seats, railings, &c., had been removed; mattresses of hay had been spread upon the floor, and were completely filled with wounded men, in every stage of suffering and peril, lying side by side. The surgeons were dressing their wounds; Sisters of Charity and other women were giving them wine, and otherwise ministering to their comfort; but morning, I am sure, will dawn upon a large proportion of them relieved forever from their pain. If anything can be more horrible than a soldier's life, it certainly is a soldier's death.

When we drove into town, we were warned by a French gentleman, who had arrived a little before us, that unless we placed our carriage in the stable or grounds of some private citizen, it would certainly be seized for the services of the wounded, as his had been. As it was all we could rely on for a bedroom, as well as a means of locomotion, we were unwilling thus to lose it. On going to a private house, therefore, to make such an arrangement, we found it had been taken for a hospital, and among its inmates was a *transiere*—a woman of perhaps thirty, dressed in the style of our bloomers, who had received a ball in her hand while following her occupation and carrying water and wine to the soldiers during the action. Two surgeons from the Emperor's family were dressing her wound, and though pale from loss of blood, she was conversing cheerfully and even gaily with them.

Six or eight times while I stood upon the street watching the wounded, there came along squads of prisoners taken at various stages of the action. Sometimes there would be only three or four—then twenty, fifty, or a hundred, and in one company over four hundred. They walked closely together six or eight deep—the officers being generally in the middle—and were guarded by a single file of troops walking on each side. As a general thing they were not bad looking men. Very many of them were very young—not over sixteen certainly—and only now and then you would see a particularly brutal and stupid countenance. There was nothing like anger or shame on their faces, they seemed generally wholly indifferent to their position, but looked about with a good deal of curiosity upon the crowd which surrounded them. They were generally silent, though now and then they would talk and laugh with each other as they passed along.

The officers were, with scarcely an exception, handsome, manly, and intelligent fellows. All were without arms. The uniform of the men was a very coarse brown stuff, made of flax, very plain, and with scarcely any attempt at ornament. Towards night carts began to come in laden with wounded Austrians, hundreds of whom passed along while I stood there, and were taken directly to the hospitals, where they received precisely the same treatment as the French. Most of them seemed to be very badly hurt. Among the number, both of the wounded and the prisoners, were many Hungarians.

The town to-night, as might be expected, is simply a camp. The streets which are narrow are crammed with artillery and provision wagons trying, almost in vain, to make their way through the town; bivouac fires light up the orchards and fields all around the village; two streams of troops pour out on the two roads leading to the field of battle, extending as far as the eye can reach; sutlers, fruit peddlers and small dealers of every kind circulate among the soldiers who crowd the streets; an immense train of Piedmontese artillery are brought to a stand in the street while trying to make their way through the town to their place of encampment; and thousands of French infantry, despairing of reaching their tents, have seated themselves upon the narrow sidewalks, and with the house-walls for a back and their haversacks for pillows, they have addressed themselves in that position to the labor of obtaining a night's rest.

It is a striking scene most certainly, and the most wonderful part of it is the perfect order and good behavior of the troops. I have not seen during the whole day a single instance of disorder, or of even rudeness, in word or deed, from any soldier. Not one have I seen in the slightest degree intoxicated; not one have I seen shouting or singing; not a rough or rude remark have I seen or heard addressed to any one; nor have I failed, in a single instance, whenever I have applied to a soldier for information, or addressed him on any subject whatever, to receive a courteous reply and the most polite endeavor to aid my wishes. Nor have I heard a single cheer over the victory, or a single syllable of exultation over the prisoners as they come in. The most respectful silence has in every case been preserved.

Expressions of sympathy with the wounded were constant, and prompt attention, so far as possible, was always given to their wants. Private property in the town, so far as I can see, has been treated with perfect respect. In selecting fields for the camp, those which will be injured by it least seem uniformly to be chosen. Bakers' shops and groceries, with cheese, bacon, sausages, &c., freely exposed, are open, and I have repeatedly seen soldiers bargaining for supplies at their windows. But I have heard of no instance and seen no indication of the slightest interference with private property. Yet there is no great rigor of discipline enforced—for the soldiers seem to be quite at their ease, and wander about town very much at their own discretion. But they look upon war as a business—as something to be done, like everything else, with as little fuss and excitement as possible. So they look upon a battle and the operations attending it—the care of the wounded, the reception of prisoners, &c., as merely part of the regular routine, just like cleaning their muskets, or boiling their soup over their bivouac fires.

But it is three o'clock in the morning, and you will excuse me from a general discussion upon the character and habits of the French soldier. I slept upon a bench last night, and, if the fleas permit, have hope of a little better accommodation for the few hours that remain of to-night. I have written this letter, however, in order that you may receive as early a report as possible of the great battle and victory which will make the 24th of June a day long to be remembered in the history of the world.

I shall send this to Brescia in the morning, and hope it may reach Liverpool in time for the steamer of the 2d of July.

THE RIFLED CANNON AT THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.—The artillery may be said to have done its work, for the first time during the campaign, on that occasion. Until then it had now and then been brought out, but at last it has played the principal part. The power of the rifled cannon is henceforth established. I will cite but one fact in support of this assertion. General Desvaux saw in the distance about thirty squadrons of cavalry, consisting of Italians and dragoons, forming into masses, and preparing to thunder down upon the squares of Renaud's division. The danger was imminent and grave, for the French troops had their flanks compromised, and were in front of an Austrian battery, which worried them with grape. General Desvaux pointed out the danger to Captain Fist, commander of

the eighth battery of the Tenth regiment of artillery, who at once established a battery of rifled cannon upon a small eminence in the plain, and fired four rounds of shells, containing forty balls, a distance of more than 2,000 yards. The effect produced seemed like the work of enchantment. The captain saw in the first place that wide gaps had been made in the enemy's ranks; then all of a sudden that this terrible mass of cavalry was dispersing in every direction, utterly disordered, and without heeding orders or rallying at the word of command. Twenty thousand of the Austrian cavalry, upon whose aid every reliance had been placed, were thus rendered useless, and it was directly after this catastrophe, if I am rightly informed, that the Emperor Francis Joseph abandoned the camp, with tears of vexation and despair in his eyes.—Cor. London Telegraph.

THE FIELD OF MONTEBELLO.—A correspondent of the Boston Traveler, who visited the field of Montebello a few days after the battle, says:

"Of all this tumult, all this fire, there now remains no trace. Here and there, only, the wheat is trampled down in large spots; you may follow, amid the crushed stalks, the passage of the artillery; rine arbors are broken and scattered; the trunk of a young tree is cut in two.

A gaiter, a collar, a morsel of a sluko, may be seen lying in the grass; this lump of earth in the furrow has a reddish tint, which excites surprise; you look nearer, and find it is soaked with blood. There, among the vine branches, dripping with dew, hangs a fragment of an Austrian vest, with brick-colored spots upon it, thickening the cloth. A dead horse lies in a corner. 'Tis all.

No! In front of the cemetery, two pits, slightly raised, have received the bodies of the Austrians killed in this asylum where they had concentrated their resistance.—Then, here and there, in various corners, a few mounds of brown earth reveal to you the spot where sleeps a soldier. A goat, a sheep, bleat near by. Laughing young girls fill their sacks with mulberry leaves, plucked by handiads."

Notes.—These handles to men's faces may be divided into four classes, thus:—Grecian, denoting amiability of disposition, equanimity of temper, imagination, patience in labor, and resignation in tribulation.—Roman, imperiousness, courage, presence of mind, and nobleness of heart. Cat or Tiger, cunning, deceit, revenge, obstinacy, and selfishness. Pug, imbecility of mind and indecision of character. Of these classes, there are numerous grades; the Grecian descends to the pug, the Roman to the quinine, but the cat or tiger is sui generis. The Grecian nose is most conspicuous in quiet scenes of life—in the study. The Roman, in the spirit-stirring scenes of life—in war. Men of science often, of imagination always, have the Grecian nose. During soldiers generally have the Roman. Every one knows what a pug is, for it provokes our smile.

Miscellany.

—The death of the wife of Hon. Edward Everett is announced. This lady was one of the most respectable families of New England, highly educated and accomplished, but unfortunately addicted to habits of intoxication, which rendered her an object of pity and a source of sorrow to all her own and her husband's friends. Her passion for the bowl was such that, although constantly watched, she would resort to the most extraordinary devices to obtain liquor with which to satisfy the cravings of her appetite.

—The National Intelligencer figures the cost of keeping Cuba, if we get it, at twenty-nine millions per annum, in addition to the eighty or a hundred millions already spent.

—The Louisville papers note the death of Victor F. Ward, aged twenty years. He was the boy who was whipped by Butler, the school teacher, which whipping was the first act in the Matt Ward Tragedy in Louisville.

—The North China Herald, of April 27, thinks there is considerable doubt whether or not the proposed embassy from Japan to the United States will take place. The conservative party, who are opposed to all innovations, are determined to prevent this infraction of the law which prohibits Japanese from leaving their country.

—An imperial ukase, just published in St. Petersburg, makes some important amendments in the position of the Jews in Russia. They include the admission of Jews into the high trading guilds, as well as into the Russian colleges, &c.

—The British Government has again evinced its friendship for Liberia, by replacing the small naval vessel formerly presented to the young Republic with the Quail (a much larger and superior sailing vessel), in complete order. The latter went to sea from Plymouth on the 16th of May, for Monrovia, where she is very much required.

—The taxable property of New York, as assessed for the present year, reaches the enormous sum of \$561,923,122, of which real estate takes \$378,954,950, and personal, \$182,968,172; non-resident, \$14,631,462. The total increase over last year is \$29,701,182.

—A Hungarian, writing from Pesth to the London Times, says that the idea of a successful revolution in Hungary is an illusion. Hungary, he thinks, cannot be made independent of Austria except with the consent of the great European Powers. Nor does he believe that independence is desired by the mass of the people of Hungary, who simply ask that Francis Joseph, not as Emperor of Austria, but as King of Hungary, shall restore to them their ancient rights and privileges.

—Mr. Mac creates more discontent to himself than is ever occasioned by others.